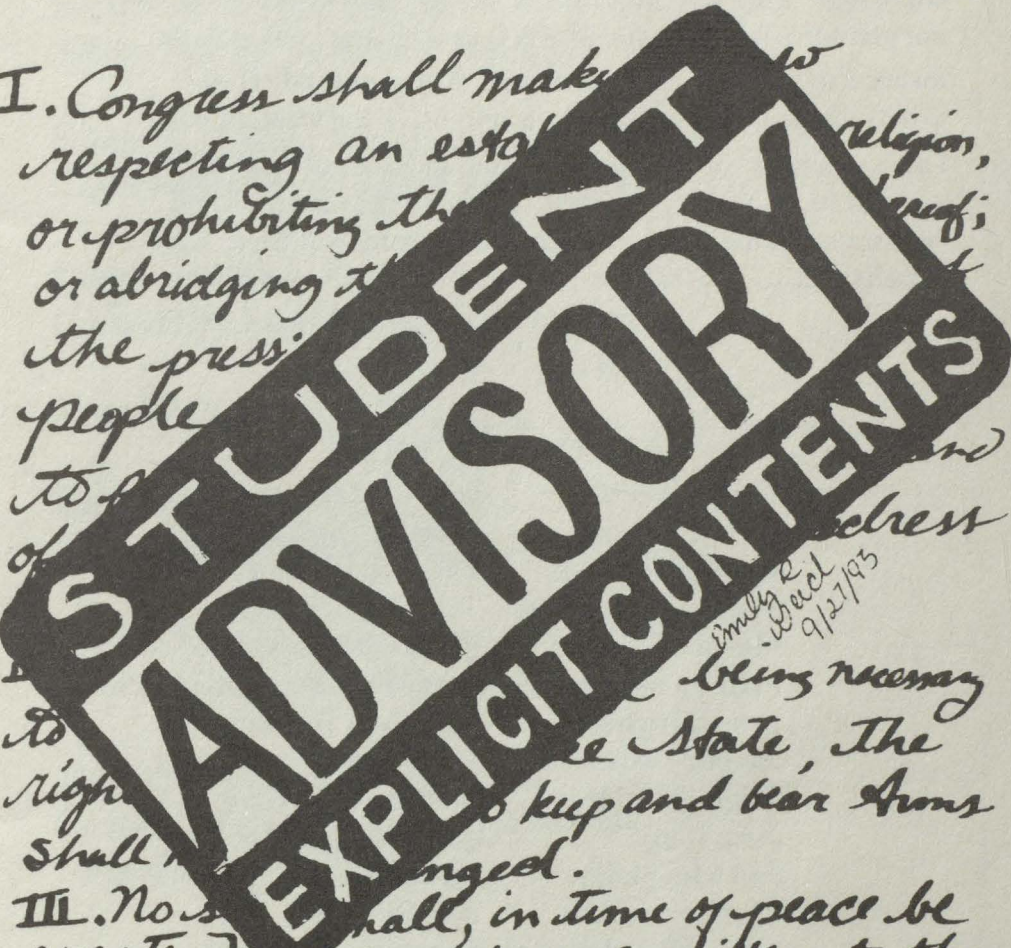


THE ALL NEW

Static

I. Congress shall make no law
respecting an establishment of religion,
or prohibiting the free exercise thereof;
or abridging the freedom of speech,
the press; the right of the people
to a peaceful assembly
to petition the Government
for a redress of grievances;
the right to keep and bear Arms
shall not be infringed.
III. No Soldier shall, in time of peace be
quartered in any house, without the



WMWC's Official Newsletter

volume 3 issue 1 September October 1993

Static

Dear readers,

Welcome to the first issue of *Static* under new editorship. This year promises to be quite an exciting one, not just for *Static*, but for WMWC as well and I am looking forward to having a small part in it. As the new editor of *Static* my goal is to enlighten, inform or, in the least, offend. I am completely open to any form of reader input and will do my best to see that it is printed. I hope to hear from you all very soon. In the meantime, stay tuned, same bat-time, same bat-channel.

Love and kisses,

Jamie Jacquess Wasserman

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<i>Never date a girl who keeps cold-blooded animals as pets.</i>	
<i>-The Goo Goo Dolls</i>	

CONCERT/ALBUM REVIEW

The Dwarves: Music With a Message

"We Suck!"

The Dwarves suck. Plain and simple. But they do put on one hell of a show. The Dwarves opened for Flipper on July 2 at the 9:30 Club in D.C. for what could only be described as the most entertaining 20 minute act around.

The Dwarves took the stage; the lead singer Blag Dahlia in a dress, the bassist Salt Peter *naked*, the guitarist Hewhocannotbenamed wearing a purple sequin jump-suit, and the drummer Vadge More in his jockstrap. (By the way, I am not making up these names) They launched into a barrage of disorganized noise, while Blag kicked moshers who got too close, spat beer on the audience and was in turn punched and kicked himself. The guitarists took turns kicking and running into each other as Blag punched his way on top of the bar, kicking the bartender and throwing himself into the mosh pit. Meanwhile, as the noise of their concert drone on, Blag found his way back to the stage, knocked over the drummer, the drum-set and most of the amps, then ran off the stage with a "Fuck you all" and left.

If this appeals to you, have I got an album for you. The Dwarves new album (yes, they have more than one) Thank Heaven for Little Girls features all the noise from their concerts including the song that ponders life's subtleties "Who's Fucking Who," the articulate "Fuck 'em All," and the surprisingly catchy "Fuck Around." The single, I am told, from this rare album package is "Dairy Queen" equally loud and devoid of any creative efforts. While the songs aren't discussing fucking, they "tastefully" discuss juvenile delinquency, murder, drinking, and self-pity. If you're still interested, this album is available from Sub Pop records (though they may not admit to it). Or, if you can hold out, I am told the Dwarves have an album soon to be disgracing a record store near you.

ALBUM REVIEW

Bratmobile's Potty Mouth

Cummin' straight outta Olympia Washington with a very large bang, this trio's debut LP is cooler than Flavor-Ice and as bittersweet as Lick-um-Stix! The disc contains all of the material the band has released so far, including older cuts such as "Queenie" and "Cool Schmool" and clocks in at just under 30 minutes. The band consists of Allison Wolfe's often off-key, yet passionate rantings and squeals, Erin Smith's banging guitar that sometimes sounds more like a percussion instrument and Molly Neuman's delightfully symmetric drums. Bratmobile's raunchy, punk-rock, even militant riot grrl sound is cut nicely by their intricate sense of irony and humor that bluntly addresses the animal flesh angst in teen girl/boy relations with lyrics like "by the way, your bright eyes are not so encouraging" (from "Love Thing") and "you love to stab me and fuck the wound" (from "Stab"). At other times, however, they are just downright obscene as in the song "just Wanna;" "I just wanna-fuck, I just wanna-fuck, I just wanna, I just wanna fuck YOU" (Thank you very much, fuck you too). But they are never without at least an aura of thoughtfulness.

One of the album's high points, the song "I Love You, You Little Crocodile" (also available through the Simple Machine's Working Holiday Collection) is sung in Thai to the harsh punk rock tune "Fuck Your Fans," and is about a holiday in Thailand that celebrates crocodiles. Another song not to miss is their mellow, poky, one-minute cover of Blur's "There's No Other Way."

Macho suburban boys have criticized Bratmobile for having no talent and sounding like crap. However, whatever they lack in refined musical skill, they make up for with facetiousness and emotion. Here's a message to you macho assholes: YOU ARE LOSERS!!!

Potty Mouth is available on the Kill Rock Stars record label or can be purchased at DC area used disc mart's worth their salt such as GO!, Joe's or Vinyl Ink.



-By Fritzel Mark

CONCERT REVIEW

Everything, King Missile, & The Judybats

Everything, King Missile and the Judybats got together on July 12th for a sold-out concert at Pier 6 in Baltimore, Maryland.

Everything, a Baltimore band, and apparently a last-minute addition to the concert, did not make a smooth transition from the small bars they were accustomed to playing to center stage. They played what seemed an eternity of bad Jimmi Hendrix and Led Zepplin cover-songs that finally concluded much to the chagrin of an impatient audience who booed them off the stage.

King Missile (of detachable penis fame) followed. Their set-list included popular faves "Cheesecake," "The Sandbox," and "Apocalypse," as well as several obscure songs from their new album. However, their translation from album to stage was shaky at best. Much of their songs are spoken-word and came out garbled. While their songs were hard-core and didn't seem very agreeable to the mostly yuppie audience. It was a treat, however, to see the lead-singer twist and contort himself on the stage in tune with his songs and narratives and hearing "Detachable Penis" live is definitely something not to be passed up.

The Judybats closed the show. They played a standard set which consisted of their "Progressive-rock" faves. Included on this flat and uninspired set was "Daylight," "Saturday," "Native Son," "Pure Delight," and any other obnoxiously catchy Bats song that you've no doubt caught yourself humming at one time another. In their favor, I should mention that their flatness on stage can largely be attributed to the lack of their bass player absent for unknown reasons and that the crowd didn't seem to care, giving the Judybats quite a standing ovation and loving every minute of their tunes.

The diversity of the acts and the energy of the audience made the July 12th concert on the waterfront at Pier 6 concert Pavilion definitely a night to remember.



BLOOD, GORE

THE END

THE PROGRAM SCHEDULE

BRITISH

Saturday 10am-12pm *The Big Shout!* with Becky Large, Liz Morrell, & Naa

DISCO

Sunday 10pm-12am *The Disco Inferno* with Amy Acker & Susan Andes

70'S

Tuesday 8am-10am *Comfortable Shoes Inc.* with Dave Naples

Friday 10pm-12am *Super Sounds of the '70's* with Thomas Carr & Spanky

Saturday 4pm-6pm *An Abundance of Grundle* with Tom Schroeder & Iris Stewart

80's

Monday 8am-10am *Good Morning MWC* with Susanna Engvall & Dawn Rock

Tuesday 2pm-4pm *Nettie & Haezar* with Jeanette Lacuita & Heather Keister

Tuesday 6pm-8pm *Spontaneous Generation* with Maureen Duane

COUNTRY

Sunday 2pm-4pm *White Shark, Daisy & the Dolphin* with Patty Bryan, Sara Bennington
& Marianne Ott

Friday 12pm-2pm *Hicksville U.S.A.* with Joe Garland

CHRISTIAN

Tuesday 10am-12pm *Loud & Clear* with Josh Myers & Ken Stout

RAP

Tuesday 10pm-12am *Astro Bang* with Mark Fritzel & Joel Mog

LIGHT ROCK

Sunday 8pm-10pm *An Orgasmic Experience* with Andy Brunt, Ed Mendez &
Sam Hupert

TOP 40

Tuesday 4pm-6pm *2 Bitches on the Box* with Jeanette Lacuita & Zoey Rawlins

Saturday 8am-9am *All-hit Power Radio* with Stephen Rosza

CLASSIC ROCK

Sunday 6pm-8pm *A Couple of Good Guys* with Derek Bottcher & Rick Shettler

Friday 8pm-10pm *GQ Radio* with Gene Papetti & Quigley Smith

HARD ROCK

Wednesday 4pm-6pm *Through the Never* with John Gabriel & Justine Schmollinger

Thursday 6pm-8pm *Bashing Your Skull with Dr. Death*

Thursday 8am-10am *Deep Cuts* with Jeff Larry

TALK

Monday 10am-12pm *If Ever I Haver/ Why? Because!! Doppler Effect* with Scott Boileau,
Barak Larter, & Mike Tyndall

Saturday 9am-10am *Sports with Brendan Severa*

ROCK

Thursday 10pm-12am *The Spirit of the Radio Show* with Bob Zonkins & Matt Steele

GRUNGE

Thursday 12pm-2pm *Grunge Chicks are Cool* with Kathleen Dooley & Molly Horne

TECHNO

Wednesday 10am-12pm *Tell Ya Later* with Aaron Straight & Jeff Snyder

JAZZ

Wednesday 10pm-12am *Marge* with Michael Margolis

CLUB NEWS

Monday 12pm-1pm *Club Chat* with Steve Nelson

BEATLES

Monday 10am-12pm *The Monday Beatles Show* Amber Auld

BLUES

Sunday 8am-10am *Roots in Rock* with Len Orenstein, Jon Carter, &
Johnathon Wilkinson

PROGRESSIVE

Sunday 10am-12pm *Live from the Snappy Snack Shack* with Alethea Page &
Jen Peterson

Monday 6pm-8pm *Embalming Plums* with Maureen Kelly, Jason Gordon &
Ryan Kokosca

Monday 8pm-10pm *Proper Density* with Jon Hennrichs & Chris Hayes

Tuesday 8pm-10pm *2 Beat Off* with Jeff Debellis & Chris Trice

Wednesday 12pm-2pm James "JJ" Ross & Clare Hayes

Wednesday 6pm-8pm *My Parents Named Me Snuffy, So I Killed Them Dead* with
Snuffy & John Pak

Wednesday 8pm-10pm **US** with Donna Helena Silver &
Jamie Jacques Wasserman

Thursday 10am-12pm *Fuzzed & Faling* with Anne Harrell & Chris Topoleski

Thursday 2pm-4pm *Mountain Lodge #6* with Rebecca Gurney & Suzette McLoone

Thursday 6pm-8pm *CorteXplosion* with Noah Ristau & Heidi Ferrel

Thursday 8pm-10pm *Music for Chameleons* with Anita Overcash & Robert Head

Friday 10am-12pm *I'm Special & You're Not!* Josh Turnquist & Chuis Bechtler

Friday 2pm-4pm *Cool Stuff* with Wendi Cooke

Friday 4pm-6pm *PJ Slop & Filthboy* with Rick Oppedisano & John Glymph

Saturday 2pm-4pm *Sex, Lies, & Radio Songs* with Martha Fay & Courter Watkins

Saturday 8pm-10pm *Opie & Squeeb Show* with Sean Harman & Scott Wise

FREEFORM

Sunday 12pm-2pm *The Joey Deacons* with Jenny Bendery & Bonnie Moradi

Sunday 4pm-6pm *Evolution of Irridescence* with Allison Pascuito, Chris Lourans &
Julie Reily

Monday 2pm-4pm *Bowl-o-Fun* with Josh Hehner & Karl Dawson

Monday 4pm-6pm *JAM* with Jill Golden & Matt Withers

Tuesday 12pm-2pm *The Shadow Box* with Rob McAlister

Wednesday 2pm-4pm *The RC Spoofer Show* with Cheryl White & Rosanna Lopez

Friday 8am-10am *Virtual Reality is Cool* with KC Harris

Saturday 12pm-2pm Sally Pritchert & Beth tucker

Saturday 10pm-12am *The Acid Garden* with Hallock, Prose & Schehocher

BIG SHOUT GOING OUT!

Tune in your radios on Saturday from 10AM- 12PM and you might be surprised at what you hear. No, it's not the British Broadcasting Channel, it's Mary Washington's own Becky Large, Liz Morrell and Naa; three British students on an exchange program from Kingston University in London.

Big Shout, the name of their two hour radio show, is derived from the numerous pirate radio stations that broadcast to the London area. So chances are you won't hear the Judybats or Blind Melon during their show; you might, however, be amazed at what they are playing. "We'll play a mixture of soul, reggae, hip hop, and techno and all that kind of music," said Naa. "The reggae scene is really coming in; a pop kind of reggae like Oswald, Shabba Ranks, and Shaggy. We also love Bob Marley and James Brown."

If reggae and James Brown isn't your cup of tea then sit back and relax and listen to our British broadcasters philosophize on life's painful questions like "Why old women always get the good seat on the bus" or "Why do you call a bathroom, a bathroom when it hasn't got a bathroom in it. It's a loo, that's what they are."

If a heavy discussion isn't what you're looking for either, then you can participate in our British trio's on-air "drama games" like "who would be the worst person to sit next to on the plane." And if none of this appeals to you, you can sit back, relax and just enjoy their great accents.

No matter what your taste, you're guaranteed to find something to suit you. So switch over your dials to 540AM Saturdays from 10AM-to 12PM to the Big Shout!

10,000 Maniacs at the Classic Amphetheatre

After waiting in line for an hour and a half, Mike (the author's beloved) and I sauntered up to the ticket counter and waited for our tickets. Our patience paid off- we got third row seats for one of the last 10,000 Maniacs concerts ever. And what a show it was!

Lead vocalist Natalie Merchant pranced and spun about stage like a giddy school girl. The crowd screamed and cheered for Natalie who was absorbed by the melodious harmonies of the Maniacs. Most of the band members, however, did not share Natalie's carefree enthusiasm. Guitarist Robert Buck looked especially sullen during the show, only once cracking a faint resemblance of a smile. Perhaps, the band was sorrowful about their forthcoming breakup or bitter because Natalie already has her own solo album due out in the fall.

Whatever the reason for their gloominess, the Maniacs forged onward through a terrific set including songs from their latest album Our Time in Eden and playing almost all the songs from In My Tribe. Natalie even picked an audience member to do a duet with her (the fellow she chose happened to be standing right next to me, I might add). Natalie also took requests during her second encore. She belted out "Like the Weather" and conquered a slightly upbeat version of Morrissey's "Everyday is Like Sunday." She refused, however, to play "Rockville," much to the dismay of the audience.

After three encores and almost two hours of playing, the Maniacs closed with "Verdi Cries;" a fond farewell to the 10,000 Maniacs and 'Good Luck' to Natalie Merchant on her solo career.

-By an avid 'Maniac' Donna Silver

CONCERT REVIEW

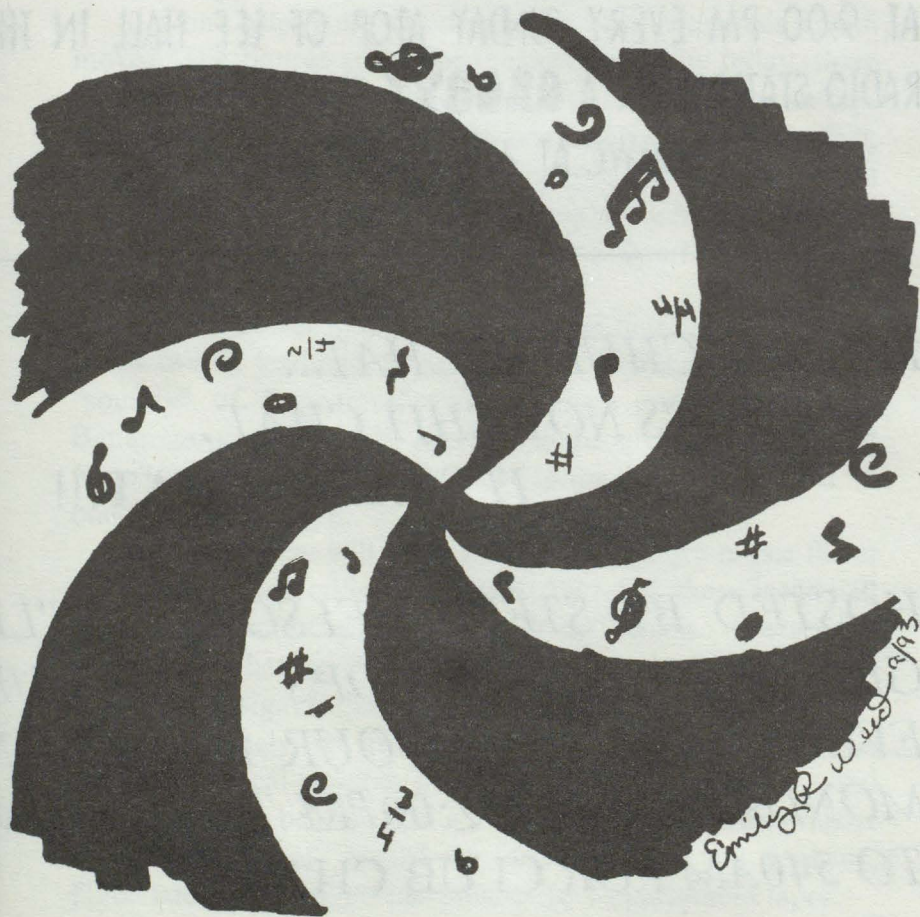
The Grateful Dead Experience

On July 3rd and the 4th, the Grateful Dead and their tie-dye clad horde swarmed over the grounds of RFK stadium in DC. Some 100,000 people filled the grounds both in and out of the stadium to catch a glimpse of their illustrious guru, Jerry Garcia who brought along Sting for an unlikely but dynamic opening act.

The concert began at 7:00 PM, but the event started much earlier outside the stadium. The true highlight of a dead-show (and a must-see for anyone in attendance) is the hundreds of dead-heads who sell everything from whacked T-shirts, twisted jewelry, and bootleg Dead items to \$1 beers, home tattooing, and new religions. You'll see more dreadlocks than in the country of Jamaica, more tattoos than at a Hell's Angels rally, more pierced (and unusually) body parts than you've ever wanted to. You'll enjoy not just a powerful concert experience inside but outside as well with bongos blasting hot and heavy, guitars strumming and people dancing with mad abandon. What makes all of this apparent madness such a pleasure is the people. Whether you're wearing the traditional tie-dye uniform or a 3-piece suit, you'll be welcomed into the family. People were courteous, offering water in the heat or a toke in the shade, they were happy, not violent drunks and most importantly environmental- You'll never see cleaner concert grounds after a concert of this size than at a Dead show.

As for the show inside, prepare to be dazzled. Sting was superb, crooning his older tunes like "Every Little Thing," and "Roxanne" to newer hits like "Fields of Gold" and "If I Ever." At one point during the concert, Don Henley showed up and Jerry came out to jam with Sting on "Walking on the Moon." Very Cool.

When the Dead took the stage, however, I was blown away. I'm not a Dead fan; I couldn't even name one song they played that night, but when they took the stage I had what only could be described as a religious experience. The crowd was so in tune with the music that for two sets and over two hours, they hummed, danced, and sung along without missing a beat. And when it was finally over, they just screamed for more. Women swooned, babies cried, men wept. You couldn't walk away without becoming a fan and I must say Jerry, you just won another convert.



Emily Q. Wood 9/93

GROOVY, MAN!!!

CHECK OUT ALL THE NEWEST MUSIC RELEASES AT WMWC'S MUSIC LISTENING PARTIES. YOU'LL GET TO HEAR ALL THE HOTTEST RELEASES BEFORE THEY HIT THE STORES! NOT ONLY THAT, BUT WE'RE GIVING SOME OF IT AWAY!! SO JOIN WMWC'S LOVELY MUSIC DIRECTOR MAUREEN KELLY AT 9:00 PM EVERY SUNDAY ATOP OF LEE HALL IN THE RADIO STATION FOR A **GROOVY** TIME!!!

CALL WMWC AT 4035 FOR FURTHER INFO.

IT'S NOT CHURCH CHAT...

IT'S NOT CHIT CHAT...

IT'S CLUB CHAT!!!

HOSTED BY STEVE NELSON, YOU'LL GET ALL THE SCOOPS ON CLUB EVENTS. SO TUNE YOUR RADIOS IN MONDAYS FROM 12:00PM TO 1:00PM TO 540AM FOR CLUB CHAT!!!

Penis Pop Songs to Menudo Reunions: Coping with the Changing Music World

After years of quietly listening to my King Missile and Descendants tapes, watching disgustingly as George Michael shook his aerobicized ass up the pop charts, I am finally able to come out of the closet (so to speak).

It seems progressive music has moved mainstream. Scary thought when you consider that you can now tune your radio virtually anywhere on the FM dial and hear such "mainstream faves" as Detachable Penis," a revamp of the old boy has penis, boy loses penis story, or "Smokin' on the Devil's Johnson," a song that totally forgoes sexual innuendo and gets right to the point (so to speak).

Don't believe me about progressive music's mainstream move? The figures speak for themselves. Why today, there are no fewer than five songs about oral sex currently on top-40 FM playlists. That's up from one just a year ago. In fact, the number one song topic has changed virtually overnight from moaning over lost love to contemplating how to get even with the slimebag for smearing one's heart all over the pavement.

What scares me most, however, is that I can see where all of this is leading. Having grown up with the "soulful" "sounds" of "ingenious" "bands" such as Menudo and Bananarama, I joyously rebelled to progressive music. It wasn't just the music that appealed to me, but the fact that no one else was doing it.

Teens today will grow sick of progressive music faster than Mike Tyson taking a shower. To rebel, these teens will tune in to "bands" such as Winger or Nelson. I've seen it happen. What do you think disco was? One of the Apocalyptic signs? Perhaps, but not exclusively.

Ultimately, we are condemning ourselves to a vicious circle of musical warfare, fluctuating between real artists and music not fit to be played in a Taco Bell dining room. Where will all of this end? I can't say for sure; but if you need me, I'll be back in the closet listening to my Replacement tapes.

Hey! If you enjoyed this issue of *Static* and want to continue receiving it for the rest of the year for **free**, you've got to let us know. Just fill out the coupon at the bottom of the page and drop it in Box 2093.

YES!!! I loved the new *Static*, please continue sending me the new issues for **free**.

My name is_____.

My box number is_____.
